

THE ARGUS.

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Rock Island—From River to River.

The leading progressives painfully neglect to progress toward Hughes.

That last winter's suit looks fresher than anyone could have expected—doesn't it?

War news again must take a back seat as the flag races tighten in the major baseball leagues.

The late ambassador to France doesn't appear to be able to bring home the Bacon in the New York primaries.

The person who invented the term "black diamonds" in referring to coal perhaps did not know what a good guess he made.

The socialist and the prohibition candidates for president are absolutely neutral. They attack with equal vigor both old parties.

The California newspaper reporter who wrote the story for his paper before ending his own life must at least be given credit for keeping his mind on his business to the end.

The Rockefeller brothers can not keep up their family feud. They are still at odds. Well, you know there is an old saying about the tide in the order of things when honest men get their dues.

These are great days for the aristocracy of the G. O. P. Hughes goes nowhere except by special train—and of course London never thinks of going away from home without one. It is a family habit.

We are assured from the camp of the enemy, that a "clean fight" is to be made in the Fourteenth congressional district. That is all Mr. Tavenner asks—but we will see how far the truth of the pledge is carried out.

The Illinois Central has drawn plans for a \$20,000,000 station for Chicago, to be used by many other lines entering that city. That doesn't sound as if the railroad business in this country is on the verge of bankruptcy.

England has made apology to the United States for the action of a British destroyer in holding up and examining the Philippine steamer Cebu within the territorial waters of the Philippines. Because of a heavy fog, it was explained, the commander did not know the vessel was near shore. The British government expresses regret over the incident.

John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," 64 years ago performed a service for the United States government for which he was not paid. The money, amounting to \$206.52, it is announced, has just been paid to his heirs. The delay was not due to red tape, as imagined, but to the fact that Uncle Sam was not able until now to locate anybody with authority to receive the money.

A dispatch to the Chicago Herald from New York states that several of the railroad chiefs who were bitter in their condemnation of President Wilson after the enactment of the Adamson eight-hour law have announced that they will vote for him in November. It was only necessary to give the gentlemen time to cool off. They long ago came to the conclusion that the country and all of its interests, big and little, capital and labor, were pretty safe in the hands of a man of the high character and able and fearless calibre of Woodrow Wilson.

The farmers of the United States carry indebtedness in the shape of mortgages to a total of three billion five hundred million. One-fifth of that enormous total is held by banks as investments of their own funds or as collateral. For many years there has been an agreement in all party platforms that the farm business, the business of feeding the world, was in need of a more certain, equitable and reasonable source of working capital. The federal farm loan act of the present democratic administration fully meets that need. Ask the first farmer you meet if he wants a change.

STRIVING FOR GOOD ROADS.

After hearing pleas from the editors of Rock Island papers, and representatives of mercantile interests in behalf of better roads in Rock Island county, the board of supervisors yesterday afternoon authorized the appointment of a committee of the board, of which the chairman is to be a member, to look into type, ways and means, and method of financing and report at the December meeting a proposition to be put upon the ballot in connection with the township election next spring. The committee will determine the kind of roads and method of placing the proposition before the people, but will not attempt specific locations. The plan is to construct two main roads leading out from Rock Island, and two

leading out from Moline. Whether these will be undertaken by means of a bond issue or special tax, the committee is to determine.

At all events, a start has been made to lift Rock Island county out of the rut and mud and place it alongside of other progressive counties of the state, in the matter of roads. It is the best get-together proposition as between city and country and farmer and townsmen, and neighbor and neighbor, that has been undertaken for years. To any possible plan the board may devise, the newspapers pledged their hearty support. It ought to win.

THE "HUGHES OF OLD" AGAIN.

Regardless of his convictions on the eight-hour law, regardless of his firmly established notion as to labor and labor's right, and regardless of his natural temperament on the subject, the "Hughes of old" who came smashing and slashing into Illinois this week with "blow on blow" upon the head and shoulders of President Wilson, as the penalty for recognizing and establishing the eight-hour standard, Mr. Hughes was the "Hughes of old" in another respect, too. He vindicated and fully measured up to the Roosevelt estimate of him. In other words, while he has a deep-rooted hatred for the laboring man, he was cautious about expressing it until he saw how it took. We will leave it to Arthur M. Evans, staff correspondent of the republican "Chicago Herald," who is traveling on the Hughes special to prove that. Writing from Peoria to his paper, Evans says:

Charles Evans Hughes struck the "corn belt" today in fighting trim and with a new leading issue in his ammunition chest. As an opener for his second campaign trip he assailed the Wilson administration hammer and tongs for the passage of the Adamson measure by which the railroad strike was averted.

Twice during the day, as a feeler, Mr. Hughes tapped the "eight-hour" law, sent once before the politicians at Peoria and once before the farmers at the state fair grounds. Each time it appeared to ring the bell. Both politicians and agrarians responded to it more vociferously and spontaneously than to the other issues placed on display, from Mexico to tariff.

And so Mr. Hughes having "rung the bell" with the politicians of his own faith in his attack on the eight-hour law, Mr. Evans telegraphing now from Springfield the same day says, "The tonight Mr. Hughes covered his batteries upon the Adamson law, the Mexican question was run on the side-track for the night; protective tariff felt the soft pedal, and the republican presidential nominee tore loose with a denunciation of the eight-hour law, and an analytical criticism of its provisions. And so it went."

The "Hughes of old" showed himself in his true colors all right—but he was careful to tap gently and see if the bell was rung with the politicians before coming forth with hammer and tongs for what he really believed.

He is not "ring the bell" with the masses at that, not by a long shot.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

In retirement so well guarded that even his death a week ago but now becomes generally known, a man whose criminal career won international fame passed his declining days, a lesson and already a legend.

The American Bankers' association is not likely to advertise the fact, if it is, and the romantic assertion, that a pensioned Charles Becker on condition that he should forbear using his skill as a counterfeiter. That he was employed by a detective agency after his reform is a proved tribute to his former professional standing. Another is the tale that, after his sentence to a New York prison, a representative, a delegation waited on the dazed beggar him not to set Becker at rough work that might impair his "delicacy of touch" and jeopardize his future livelihood.

Becker was an artist. His work approached perfection so dangerously close that it was a paid job, big jobs. France, England, Turkey, as well as Baltimore and New York, had reason for anxiety as to his prowess. Yet what Becker had to show in the end for skill so uncanny and success so unusual was the means of the most modest livelihood under the cloud of evil reputation. What he left to posterity was a saying that long before him had passed into a proverb: "Crime never pays."

MYSTERY OF MIGRATION.

In September the migratory birds go south. Why? The answer is easy. The cold and an instinctive knowledge of a coming lack of food drive them from their homes. They know, also by instinct, that in the south the warmth and plenty. Most birds travel by night, and some of them go thousands of miles before they find a place to their liking in which to pass the winter.

In March the migratory birds come north. Why? The answer is not easy. Cold, in a land of comfort and of food abundance. They do it because of a congenial climate and a full harbor to make the perilous journey back to the northern prairies and forests? Some day some man wiser than his fellows may be able to explain the mystery of the spring migration. Scientists have been puzzling over it ever since it was first known that they stayed in one place in the summer and in another in winter.

The birds probably know why they make two journeys each year. They have never told, and it is likely that they will hold the secret for the ages to come. A little bird told me, mysteriously, that the answer of the man who discovers the secret, if man ever does discover it.

Why do most of the birds travel by night? We can only guess. It is said that at night they are less likely to be taken by the hawk. They do travel in vast flocks. Thousands of them, in the sudden storms which in the fall and spring sweep over land and sea. Other thousands dash themselves to death against lighthouses and high towers and buildings. Year by year, however, they take up their travels. When they reach the end of their spring journeys they begin to sing. It is the nesting season and they are at home, led, perhaps, by the north star, which to them may be the light in the window of the old northern homestead.

Selected by Tavenner

ARE NOT AMATEURS.

(The progressive republicans, among whom Senators La Follette, Borah, Cummins, Clapp and Norris are prominent, will fight to the end any move to increase freight rates or increase the membership of the interstate commerce commission.—News item.)

The republican progressives in the senate do not belong in the beginners' class as far as railroads and rates are concerned. Norris was a railroad man before he entered politics. La Follette, out as a section hand. La Follette has been studying rates for 30 years. Cummins and Clapp could both qualify in any court as rate experts. Cummins, particularly, has been specializing on the railroad problem for more than 20 years. Transportation executives frequently rail at the politicians who presume to mix up in transportation problems. It will be remembered that the express companies sneered at Davy Lewis and his parcel post studies. All the while Lewis was probably the one man in the whole country who was competent to handle the parcel post problem. The Maryland congressman learned to read French and German in order that he might study government reports in those languages, reports that had never been translated into English. Lewis literally lived with the parcel post problem. La Follette is a man of the same stripe. He has been accumulating railroad information for a quarter of a century. He has studied the history not only of railroading in this country but of particular railroads. He has been digging away on the physical value problem. He has in his library more information concerning the amount of water represented in the present capitalization of American railroads than can be found anywhere. Borah is a lawyer, and he knows the railroad problem in its general aspects.

The republican progressives in the senate believe that the solution of the railroad problem will never be found until some method of squeezing the water out of railroad stocks is found. La Follette has long contended that one of the most important problems now confronting the federal government is that of ascertaining the physical value of the railroad properties in

the nation. The Wisconsin senator believes that money invested in railroads should pay a fair dividend, but he likewise contends that it is essential valuations be placed upon a fair basis. It is therefore quite likely that any proposed rate increase that depends upon any action taken in the senate will have a very strong vote to travel.—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

GROWING OLDER.

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have your way;
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more ready to smile and be tame;
A little more care for another's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold;
A little less zest than in days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind;
A little more love for all mankind;
A little more care of what we say;
And so we are faring a-down the way.

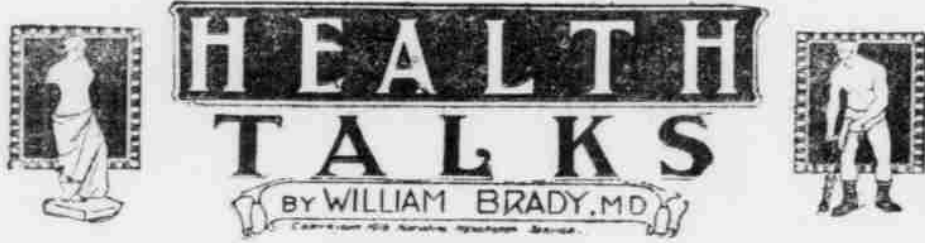
A little more love for the friends of youth;
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views;
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream;
A little more real than the things we see;
A little more near to pilgrims ahead;
With comforting visions of those long dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.

Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I lived because he has passed my way."

—From The Eagle.



THE RACE OF CHILDHOOD.

For every child that has worms forty children are unjustly accused of having them, and fed worthless or needless "worm medicine." One popular "worm powder" contains nothing that would annoy worms in the least, being a mere mixture of sugar, harmless enough, a pleasant laxative, but nothing more. Yet hundreds of deluded mothers administer such remedies upon a mere suspicion of worms, and presently, when the slight illness is past, attribute the ailment to the alleged worm medicine, although it was never given at any time. This is the height of absurdity. It is worse when the worm medicine is a nauseous dose. A sick child deserves reasonable consideration, even if he has worms.

No symptom or group of symptoms is a reliable diagnostic sign. The only evidence worthy of consideration is the discovery of worms or their microscopic eggs in the evacuations. Short of this, parents do a child an injustice in plying him with worm medicine, pleasant or unpleasant.

As we have so often insisted, the "grandmother" signs are all wrong. Nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, in the abdomen, coated tongue, heavy sweetish breath, flushed cheeks, fever, bright eyes, white lines about the mouth, nervousness, twitching, picking at the nose, mild delirium—these symptoms are familiar enough to children, and are not indicative of worms, but of acute acid indigestion or acute intestinal irritation from dietetic errors, but they do not signify the presence of worms. About one in eighty children having such attacks does also happen to have worms, the other seventy-nine are innocent of the charge. For that matter, two out of every three children who are really found to harbor round worms or seat worms (pin worms, thread worms) never exhibit any suspicious symptoms of any kind whatever. So, there, grandma!

Round worms are usually from three to six inches long, closely resembling earthworms, but paler in color. Seat worms are one-half inch long or less, white, resembling bits of white thread.

It is inconceivable that any medicine which can be taken by a human being can "dissolve the worms in the bowels." Medicines purporting to do anything like that are plain fakes. If the medicine fails to produce the worms in the evacuations, be sure it has not dissolved any.

The treatment of a genuine case of worms in a difficult matter, and only the family physician is capable of managing it safely and successfully.

The prevention of worms in children or adults is also a difficult matter, but must be managed by the patient or by parents. The eggs are swallowed in water or food contaminated by the excrement from a previous case of worms; also the eggs are taken into the mouth from the fingers of the victim himself, thus keeping up a continuous replenishment of the supply. The prevention is therefore very rigid cleanliness, especially cleaning the finger nails. Children must be impressed with the importance of thoroughly washing the hands before eating anything anywhere. The earth about pigsties and villages is polluted with the eggs or larvae of worms from human sources.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Balm for Bunions.

What will relieve the aching and burning of a bunion, when no undue swelling, redness or broken skin is present?

Answer—Stop wearing pointed, out-turned soles and high heels. Wear heels not higher than one inch, and shoes with straight inside sole lines, trifle inward when walking, like a good Indian. Smear over with a little liniment, consisting of a dash of menthol, methyl salicylate, capsicum and anointing, in a base of white petrolatum and lanolin.

LAW OF LION'S PAW.

One may freely concede that England is in some respects "the freest country in the world" and that she has set a unique example in giving all nations an opportunity to compete with her for the trade of her own colonies without ignoring the further fact that in international trade relations she has known—speaking generally—no law but her own will. When it pleased her to be liberal she has been liberal, and when it pleased her to be arrogant she has been arrogant. Hosea Biglow summed it up adequately:

"The lion's paw is all the law,
According to J. B.,
That's fit for you and me."

Historically, England has specialized in international bad manners. As late as 1784 a treaty with Holland contained the "right" which has been strenuously insisted on for more than a century, to compel Dutch ships in the English channel to lower their yards and topsails in salute of English ships, without receiving a salute in return. A London dispatch published Saturday afternoon vividly reveals this same spirit in its latest manifestation.

"Great Britain has forbidden the export of various articles of European neutrals on the ground that they have already this year had more than an ordinary year's supply. Lord Robert (Cecil) said it was not logical to forbid such exports from Great Britain and to permit them to be re-exported to neutral nations, taking normally 15,000 tons of coffee, already has imported 50,000 tons this year, so all further imports to that country are looked upon as likely to reach enemy destinations."

There you have it. "The lion's paw is all the law that's fit for you and me."

England is entirely right in controlling, as far as possible, the movement of goods in transit to enemy countries through neutral ports; we did the same thing with respect to goods moving to the confederacy through Mexico and the West Indies during the Civil war. But to seize goods moving to an enemy destination in a roundabout way is one thing, and arbitrarily to determine that the entire trade to a neutral country in certain commodities shall be cut off because that country has received as much of those commodities as it can well absorb, is quite another. Look at the use of the word "permit" in the second sentence of the foregoing extract. Could arrogance go further?

Of course, we recognize the fact that England proposes to wield this unheard of power over Holland and our human liberty and the free trade of the world. So Germany, we recall, violated the neutrality of Belgium in violation of the superiority of German culture to that of the lesser breeds, and disinterested fear lest the terrifying growth of militarism in Europe might cause the free trade to perish from the earth, and so cease to bless mankind. Now we of the United States are not the special, divinely appointed guardians of either free government or culture; but we propose to do the part that a great power should to vindicate our own plain rights to peaceful commerce with our neighbors under international law. And we somehow feel equal to the job.—St. Louis Republic.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

JUST about this time in every presidential campaign you'll see items in the newspapers giving the betting odds. One day they will favor the democratic candidate and the next his republican opponent. If you are wise you will not permit yourself to become unduly excited over these quotations. They are announced with a view to influencing the wavering voter. It is one of the numerous old army games that are resorted to in the heat of a campaign to manufacture sentiment. Put your money in the bank and go to the polls and vote your convictions, and leave the wagering to the campaign managers.

GEORGIOS Kavalagopolous, a Rockford Greek, has changed his name to Frank Lowden. And some day he, too, may run for governor of his state.

"WHEN there is proposed," says Mr. Hughes, "there is but one standard to take." And that's for Grape-Nuts.

THE girl at the pie counter declares she is going to cast her vote for Mr. Hughes. "Because," she argues, "you can hang to a man with whiskers."

REPUBLICAN campaign managers claim to have discovered that the child labor law recently passed by congress is a gold brick. Yes, and it is indeed right in the eyes of a number of the party chiefs who in the past fattened their purses at the expense of the criminal employment of girls and boys not yet out of jumpers.

IT takes a woman to reveal some of our so-called strong men in their true colors. For instance, Raymond Robins has declined to debate the fitness of the presidential nominee with Mrs. Antoinette Funk. The gentleman has shown the yellow.

THE Negligible Groom. The engagement announcement of Miss Grace Fern Leigh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Leigh of Cedar Rapids, has been announced, and is of interest to Burlington friends. The wedding will take place in October.—Burlington Gazette.

ONE of the numerous pests that bombard a newspaper office is he who imagines that the editors get theatre and circus tickets by the hundreds and that they are looking for friends upon whom to unload them. The truth is that in these days when newspapers are conducted more along strict business lines than they were in the olden days of free transportation, as the uninitiated is wont to term it, is not solicited in payment of editorial puffs, as was the custom in many offices in the distant past. Now the ticket, when it is accepted, is a part of the contract with the theatrical and circus managers, and it rarely finds its way into the hands of others than those connected with the newspaper. But the seeker for the pasteboard favor persists in thinking otherwise. There seems to be a peculiar charm attaching to the privilege of getting in the theatre or the circus for nothing, which newspapermen do not do, inasmuch as their tickets are paid for many times over what they are actually worth. The ticket chaser showed up the other day. He was disappointed. "Bill's around again, I see," remarked the office crab. "He'd attend a murder if he could get a free ticket." Which recalls a prominent local resident who is known to have spent \$10 in entertaining a circus agent in order to have the satisfaction of receiving a pair of complimentary seats so that he could "see the circus free for nothing." If he had paid he would have saved \$8.

JACK Almonny is under indictment at Minneapolis as an alleged auto thief. And he'll probably pay.

THE National New Thought Alliance, which is meeting in Chicago, claims that if it had come into being earlier we never would have heard of Doc Bull and Doc Munyon. After one "think" rheumatism want to do the fox trot and asthmatics give the he-he to Caruso and McCormick. The theory is that we were all made free by Caruso. Therefore, if we live truthfully he will take care of us. Among names mentioned in connection with the meeting we fail to distinguish those of politicians or press agents, however.

IT has been suggested by E. B. W. that we conduct a "funniest thing I ever saw" contest among our readers, awarding the winner an appropriate gift at Christmas. We are all agreed. The affair will be open to the world. E. B. W. kicks in with this one: "The funniest thing I ever saw in my life was a good-looking girl who would be instantly seized for a front row position with the 'Follies' desperately fighting the elements on a blustery day in a pretended effort to hold her skirt even with her ankles."

WHEN the price gets down again some friend of the family might pour a small portion of oil over the gulf of trouble between John D. Rockefeller and his brother Frank, who haven't said bowdy in 18 years. There are various versions of the cause of the feud, but if the truth were known it is more than likely that it was the division of the price of a package of Sweet Caporals. It's the little things that count, as the fond mother remarked as she reviewed her healthy hunk of 10.

Griffith, Ince and Sennet are reported to have come to the parting of the ways. Now we may get the truth about the moving picture industry.

THE members of the blackmailing gang arrested in Chicago appeared in court attired as though they were on their way to an afternoon social function. With the idea, presumably, of convincing onlookers that it was no disgrace for their victims to have fallen for them. And they were accorded every attention that persons traveling the more conventional scale might expect, the newspapers describing the gowns of the women and the attire of the men. What more could crookdom hope for?

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

The Partners—By M. Quad.

Among the applicants answering the advertisement of Klein & Klippert for a stenographer was Miss Rose Williams of a suburban village. Both partners were old bachelors, and when the advertisement was inserted Klein said to Klippert:

"There probably will be a hundred girls come tomorrow, and as I know more about human nature than you do I will see them and pick out the one we want."

"But as I know more about stenography than you do it should be left to me," was the reply of the partner.

They wrangled over the matter for 10 minutes and then agreed that both should receive and question the applicants. When Miss Rose entered the office each partner said to himself that she would do, no matter whether she knew anything about stenography or not. Each tried to impress upon her mind the fact that he was fatherly and kind-hearted and wished to run an orphan asylum. Klein wanted to offer her \$20 a week, and Klippert wanted to offer \$5 more, but they finally settled on \$15 to start with. When the terms had been settled and the applicant had departed, to reappear on the morrow, Klein hitched about on his chair for a couple of minutes and then said:

"As my room is rather the largest and lightest, I am willing to make a place for the young lady. Did you notice the lines of sorrow around her young mouth? I shall speak very gently to her."

"There is a fine, light space in my room for the young lady," replied Klippert, "and I will take her in there. There is a sad look about her eyes, as if she had some great grief, and I shall not expect her to do much work."

They disputed for half an hour over the point and next day Miss Rose was given the hall between the office rooms of the partners.

At half past 1 o'clock Klein called the stenographer into his room and dictated a letter and then said:

"Miss Williams, your work has proved so satisfactory that your salary is raised to \$18 per week."

She expressed her thanks and backed out, but scarcely had five minutes passed when Klippert called her in to ask if she was satisfied with her salary and to add before she could reply:

"You take hold of the work so well that I shall make your salary \$20 a week."

Klein had been in the habit of leaving the store every afternoon at half past 4. On this occasion he hung about until 5. Klippert and the employees left at half past 5. Klippert sauntered after the new stenographer to see that she was looking. He had just ascertained when he encountered his partner.

Says Wife Swindled Him—Alleging that his bride of eight months fraudulently and falsely represented herself to him as a pure and virtuous woman, that she induced him to sign a contract to turn over to her property worth \$1,000 when she had now threatened to poison him. Timothy O'Shea is suing for divorce from Marie O'Shea, his wife 52. In his petition he says that they married in Kansas City, Jan. 18, 1916. He charges that before their marriage his wife was the keeper of a house of prostitution and that he was unaware of this fact at the time that he married her. He alleges that she has committed adultery since their marriage, going with various men to Rock Island. He says that she has become a habitual drunkard since their marriage. That her threats to kill him and to poison him have forced him to leave his home at 213-232 West Fifth street in fear of his life, he asserts. In the matter of signing the contract he charges her with fraud in that she represented herself to be pure and virtuous when she was not. He asks a decree of divorce. M. V. Gannon and B. T. O'Neill are his attorneys.

Fire Damages Judge's Residence.—Fire of unknown origin damaged the residence of Judge Maurice F. Donegan, 620 East Fourteenth street, yesterday. Originating in the attic or on the roof above the kitchen, the fire was confined to that part of the home. However, the roof was destroyed and was one room of the home was so badly damaged as to necessitate re-finishing. The loss will probably be between \$400 and \$500. Less than half an hour before the fire at Judge Donegan's home, there had been a stubborn fire in the same block at the rear of 613-617 East Fourteenth street. This fire originated in a chicken house which was destroyed, and it was as a two-story garage of which the chicken house was a lean-to. A number of chickens were burned. An automobile which was in the garage was saved. Two sheds in the rear of 614 and 618 East Thirteenth street were scorched by the fire. The residence at 613-617 East Fourteenth street is a double house, occupied by G. Weaver and Thomas Johnston.

Sues Traction Company—Suit of Anna Magnus against the Tri-City Railway company for \$10,000 damages rises out of an accident which occurred last June on the government bridge when an automobile in which the plaintiff was riding, skidded on to the street car track and was struck by a car. She claims to have suffered a concussion of the brain, a broken arm and a nervous breakdown. Many witnesses have been summoned by both the prosecution and the defense and the case promises to last well toward the end of the present week. Attorneys Magnus and Kelly of Davenport and Schroeder of Rock Island are the attorneys for the plaintiff and attorney Waterman of Lane & Waterman and Attorney Balfout of Cook & Balfout are representing the defendant company.

Theft of Clothes Occurs.—The theft of about \$75 worth of fine clothing from Mrs. C. Fisher, 423 1/2 West Second, is the charge to be made against Edward Moran and L. C. Hill, now in jail. The men confessed to Officer John Estes that they had had something to do with the stolen property. Mrs. Fisher alleges the door of her home was broken down and the clothing stolen while she was away on business. The

They eyed each other suspiciously for a minute and then lied. Each had a ready excuse on his tongue. Next morning at the store the senior partner called the junior partner into his room and gravely said:

"Mr. Klippert, I should be grateful to know that you were following Miss Williams to the car, but the more I think of it the more suspicious your conduct appears."

"But what were you doing there?" was promptly asked.

"Business unconnected with the store called me to the spot."

Each one had been wondering how he could circumvent the other and invite the pretty stenographer out to lunch. The thing was finally settled by the senior partner, who said:

"I would suggest that neither of us ask the young lady to lunch. She might misconstrue our action."

"Just what I was about to suggest. We will go out together, as heretofore."

But things rankled in the mind of the senior partner. As a matter of fact, he had gone to the car half an hour ahead of the girl to make sure that she took the right one to home.

The junior partner had come upon him and wronged him in thought. He did the only thing he could think of to get even. He called Miss Rose in and raised her salary to \$22 a week.

The junior partner was not at all satisfied with the situation. He had to see that the bookkeeper, who was known to be a masher, didn't do the same. There he had met his partner and had been looked at distrustfully. In wronging him the partner wronged Miss Rose, and he called her in and dictated a fictitious letter and added:

"I am pleased to say that our work was so well done before, and I wish to inform you that your salary has been advanced to \$25 per week."

Miss Williams came to her place on a Wednesday. On Saturday afternoon there was a half holiday. On Saturday afternoon also Mr. Klein met Mr. Klippert in the village where the stenographer lived. Each wanted to ask the other what he was doing there, but he didn't ask. Klein finally took Klippert by the arm and walked him to the car, and when both were seated and headed for the city he said:

"Klippert, it's hard times in business."

"You bet!"

"We don't need a stenographer."

"Not in the least."

"We can save that \$25 per week."

"Every cent of it."

And on Monday morning Miss Williams received a letter from the firm that owing to her inexperience her services would no longer be required.

Marriage Licenses.—Lyman E. Mead and Louise Colton, both of Davenport, Gust Olson, Minneapolis, and Rita Mae Landis, Davenport; Herbert McKenzie and Louise Cormi, both of Davenport; Willie Paustian and Claude Messer, both of Walcott; John Meewes, New Liberty, and Nellie B. Gallagher, Dixon; Casper Conklin, Davenport, and Frances Vincent, Kewanee, Ill.; Harry Herzberg and Alma M. V